Henry Buehler

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FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Wreckers of St. Agnes.

There are few parts of England more wild and desolate than the mining districts of Cornwall. Nature, as a counterpoise to the treasures which she has lavished on this region of her bounty, has imparted to its features a most forbidding aspect. Bleak and barren plains, unenlivened by vegetation, with neither tree nor shrub to protect the traveller from the wind that sweeps across the surface, and danger in every step, from the innumerable shafts by which they are intersected.

It is truly an inhospitable country; and the nature of the inhabitauts seems quite in accordance with its unfriendly characteristics—repulsive and ungainly in appearance, disgusting and ferocious in manner, cruel by nature, and treacherously cunning. Not a step have they gained from the barbarous state of their savage ancestors. I allude more particularly to the town and district of St. Agnes, near Truro, and its people. St. Agnes is a small place, situated on the coast of Cornwall, about ten miles from Truro, across one of those steril plains, almost covered with the refuse of mines, and perforated in every direction, like a gigantic rabbit-warren. The road, so called, through this waste, is little better than a track, which it would be difficult and dangerous to traverse, without a guide. Many a wanderer has found a nameless grave, by venturing rashly across those dreary moors.

It was late in the autumn when I visited St. Agnes, and it was towards the close of a gloomy day that I found myself at the residence of Captain Thomas, so I shall call him, whose acquaintance I had made in London, and who had succeeded in persuading me, that the only sure way to make a fortune was, by investing a trifle of ready money in a copper-mine. He held the rank of captain by the custom of the country, as a mine is conducted, like a ship, by a captain and officers. The Captain was over a decent specimen of his caste; for, where all are combinations of the miner, smuggler, wrecker, and, consequently, ruffian, a man even of decent manners is something. He had one fault, however, which I afterwards discovered: he would have considered it a most meritorious employment, to have robbed even his own father, rather than not to have robbed at all.

Our repast being over, and I, like a witless booby, having invested my bank-notes in his pouch, in exchange for certain bits of paper he was pleased to call shares; and having received from him, in addition to such valuable considerations, the most flattering congratulations on the prospect of immediate wealth, he proposed an adjournment to the "Red Dragon," or red something; I almost forget, it is so long since; where he assured me I should meet a most respectable society, and where I might pick up much valuable information. They were all particular friends of his—captains and pursers of mines.

It was a dismal night. When we sallied out, a thick mist was gathering around: the sea was breaking against the huge rocky cliffs of the adjacent coast, with a deafening roar; and at intervals was heard the distant thunder. It was with no uncomfortable feeling, that I felt myself safely housed at the rendezvous of the choice spirits of the mines.

The party to which I was introduced was seated at a long deal table, in a spacious apartment, half kitchen, half tap-room; at the upper end of which appeared a blazing fire, beneath a chimney-porch of a most ancient and approved formation. On one side of the room, a door opened into a small parlour, and in the corner was a little bar, for the host to dispense to his customers their various potations from his smuggled treasures. For, although it was not a trifle of Schidam or Cogniac that would satisfy these congregated worthies, I question whether the king could afford to pay the salaries of the commissioners of excise, if the greater portion of his lieges were not more considerate customers than our friends of the "Red Dragon."

The arrival of Captain Thomas was hailed with marked satisfaction. We were soon seated, and in a twinkling a large tumbler of hot brandy and water was placed before me, and a pipe thrust into my hand. The conversation, which was rather loud when we entered, was now suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances were quickly interchanged, which I saw related to myself. Thomas understood it, and said, "You need not be afraid; that gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and a great patron of the mining arts."

I then begged to assure the company of my veneration for miners and mines, and all connected with them. There was a visible brightening up at this declaration, and doubtless at that moment various were the plans of swindling and rascality which shot through the stolid brains of that pleasant coterie to put my devotedness to the proof.

"A likely night this, Captain Thomas," said a beetle-browed, shock-headed, short, muscular man, whose small dark eyes peered from beneath a brow of peculiar ferocity.

"Uncommon likely!" returned the other, "and if we should have a bit of luck to night, it would not be a bad beginning this winter."

"Ah!" said the former, who answered to the name of Knox, "my wife says she thinks Providence has deserted our coast; we haven't had a godsend worth telling about these two years. I've seen the time when we've had the matter a dozen wrucks in a season."

"Well, never mind, Master Knox," said a pert-looking, snub-nosed fellow, named Roberts, who I at first glance took for an attorney, but afterwards found he was a mining-agent.

From his more constant intercourse with Truro, he was rather better dressed than some of his companions; but his town breeding gave him no other advantage than a conceited saucy air. "Never mind, Master Knox," said he, jingling a bunch of seals which peeped from beneath the waistcoat of that worthy, "you have made the most of your luck, and if you don't get any more you won't harm."

"Why, yes," said the fellow, drawing out a handsome gold watch, which accorded curiously with his coarse attire. "I don't complain of the past; and yet I had a narrow escape with this; if it hadn't been for my boy Jem, I should have lost it."

"He's a 'cute child, that boy of yours," remarked one.

"There never was a 'cuter. I'll tell you, sir," said he, addressing me. "It's two years ago come December, on a Sunday, when we were all in church, that we had news of a wrack. Well, off we all started you may be sure, and the parson not the last, to see what it had pleased God to send us. We found on coming up, that it was a French Indiaman.—She had gone to pieces off the rocks, and the goods were floating about like dirt. I wasn't long in making the most of it; and Jem was just going off for the cart, when I 'spied, half covered with weed, and hidden by a piece of rock, the body of a Frenchman. I soon saw I had got a prize, for he was loaded with money and trinkets. These I quickly eased him of, seeing as he'd never want 'em; but to make sure, I hit 'un a good slap over the head, just to see whether the life was in 'un or no." [Here one or two of the auditors grinned.] "Well, I was just going away, when I see'd a diamond ring on his finger, and the finger being swelled with the water, I cuts it off, [displaying at the same time a knife of rather formidable proportions,] and walks off with my goods. I hadn't gone far, when little Jem runs after, crying, 'Dad, dad! hit 'un again, dad! he grin'th, he grin'th!' I looked back, and sure enough that rascally French thief—whether it was drawing the blood or not, I don't know—but he was moving his arm about, and opening his eyes, as though he were bent on taking the bread out of my mouth. This put me in a precious rage—these Frenchmen are always a spiteful set, and hate Englishmen as they hate the devil. So I makes no more ado, but I hits 'un a lick with the tail of a rudder laying close by, and I'll warrant me he never come to ask for my goods."

The miscreant chuckled over this horrid recital with all the self-satisfaction that another might feel at the recollection of a virtuous action; whilst his companions, to whom no doubt the story was familiar, felt no other sensations of uneasiness at its recapitulation than from the recollection that they had not been able to do the same thing. Knox was evidently the ruffian *par excellence*. I beheld others around me, the expression of whose countenance would have hung them at any bar in England without any other evidence; yet none ventured to boast of crime; Knox was the only open professor of villany, and seemed to claim his right of pre-eminence. I have been in many parts of the world, and have encountered ruffians of every country and grade; but never before did I have the fortune to hear depravity, and of such a revolting character, so freely confessed, so unblushingly avowed.

"Well, Knox," said Thomas, after a short pause, "so you have seen Hibbert Shear.—How's poor Bill Trecuddick?"

Knox placed his finger significantly on his cheek.

"How," said the other, "dead!"

"Dead as mackerel," returned Knox; "you know I was in it, and a sharp brush we had.—Poor Bill had three balls in him: he died the same night." A universal expression of sympathy followed this announcement, and various were the questions put by different individuals as to the details of his death. It appeared that he was killed in an engagement with a revenue cruiser.

"He was as likely a lad that ever run a cargo," said Thomas; "where did you bury him!"

"Alongside of the guager, I s'pose," said Roberts, who ventured a sidelong glance of malicious meaning, though apparently half doubtful of the consequences. I never saw so speedy a change in any human being as that remark produced in Knox. In an instant his brow became as black as the storm which now raged with appalling violence from without.

"What hast thee to do with that, thou pert, meddling coxcomb!" said he, as he fixed his black eyes, almost concealed by their overhanging brows, on the object of his wrath.—'Now mark me, Master Roberts; play off no more of thy jokes on me. This is not the first time I have warned thee; but it shall be the last.'

I learned afterwards that the guager alluded to was Knox's half-brother, who was supposed to have met with his death by the hands of his relation, and his body flung down a shaft near the sea, now known by the name of the Guager's Shaft. What confirmed the suspicion was, that he was known to have frightful dreams about his murdered brother, and some said that he was known to tremble like a child if left alone at night. Be that as it might, however, a ferocious altercation was now proceeding between Knox and a friend of Roberts, who had replied to the other's threats, which appeared likely to proceed to serious consequences, had not the attention of all parties been diverted by a loud and continued knocking at the outer door. This seemed so unusual an occurrence that the host hesitated to unbar, for never was a stranger known to arrive at St. Agnes at such an hour, and on snch a night too; for we heard the rain descend in torrents, and the thunder howling at intervals.

The knocking continued vehemently, and although we were too many to fear any thing like personal danger, yet I could see an evident though undefinable fear spreading throughout the party, sufficiently expressed by their anxious glances. In no one was such an expression more visible than in Knox. It was the result of some superstitious feeling, which the conversation of the night, and the awful storm now raging about them, had called into play.

The knocking was now fiercer than ever, and the host was at last constrained to unbolt and unbar: the guest, whoever he was, would take no denial. As the door opened, in stalked a tall, weather-beaten looking man, enveloped in a huge shaggy great coat, and a broad oil-skin hat on his head.

"What the devil dost thee mean by this?" he said, dashing his hat upon the floor, and shaking the rain from his coat like a huge water-dog,—'keeping a traveller outside your gates on such a night!' At this moment, during a lull in the storm, was heard a heavy booming sound from the sea.

"A wrack! a wrack!" shouted Knox; and instantly a dozen fellows were on their legs ready to rush forth like thirsty blood-hounds on their prey. 'Keep your places, you fools!' cried the stranger, 'if she goes ashore, it will be many miles from here, with the wind in this quarter.' They all seemed to acknowledge the justice of the remark, by sulkily resuming their places. 'I've heard the guns some time,' continued the stranger, 'but she has good offing yet, and she may manage to keep off. I'd lay my life she is a foreign craft, they're always in such a plaguey hurry to sing out.' The company had leisure by this time to seat themselves and resume their pipes. They likewise, seeing he was no ghost, took the liberty of scanning their guest. He was not very remarkable further than being a tall muscular man with short curling black hair, immense bushy whiskers, meeting under his chin, and large black eyes. Altogether, it was not an unpleasant countenance. He did not apologise for his intrusion, but called at once for his pipe and his glass.

"Did you come from Truro side?" asked Knox. The stranger took a huge whiff, and nodded assent.

"Who might have brought you across the moors?"

"Dost thou think no one can tread the moors but thyself and the louts of St. Agnes!"

"None that I ever heard of except Beelzebub;" said Knox, peering from beneath his brows suspiciously on the new corner.

The stranger laughed.

"The path is dangerous by night," said Thomas; 'few strangers find the way alone.'

"Then I am one of the few, for here I am," said he.

"I've lived here man and boy these forty years," said Knox, 'and I never knew a stranger do that before. And thou must be a stranger, for I've never seen thee.'

"Art sure of that?"—Knox again scanned him attentively.

'I never saw thee before!'

"You see then a stranger can find his way in these parts. I came by the guager's shaft. Thou know'st the guager's shaft,' said he significantly.

"Hell!" said the other furiously, 'dos't thou come here to mock me! if thou dos't thoud'st better return afore harm comes of thee.'

'Thou'rt a strong man,' said his opponent;—'but I'm so much a stronger, that I would hold thee with one arm on yonder fire till thou wert as black as thy own black heart. Come, thou need'st not frown on me man, if thou hast a spark of courage I'll put it now to the test.'

'Courage! I fear neither thee nor Beelzebub!'

'I'll wager thee this heavy purse of French *louis d'ors* against that watch and ring that befits thy finger so oddly, that thou durst not go into yonder room alone, and look on the face that shall meet thee there.'

'Thou'rt a juggler and a cheat—I'll have nothing further to say to thee.'

'There's my gold,' said he, throwing a heavy purse on the table; look at it; count it; a hundred as bright *louis* as ever were coined in France, against thy watch and ring, not worth the half.' The eyes of the wrecker glistened at the bright heap of gold. 'What is the wager!' he demanded.

'If thou durst go into yonder room, that I will raise the form of one whom thou wouldst most dread to see.'

'I fear nothing, and believe thee to be a cheat.'

'There's my gold.'

'Take the wager!' cried several of Knox's friends; 'we'll see thou hast the gold.'

'Done!' cried Knox, with a sort of desperate resolve, which the cheers of his friends and the sight of the gold helped him to assume; and he placed the ring and watch on the heap of *louis*.

'I must have arms and lights.'

'Take them,' said the stranger: 'but before you go, I will show you a portion of your property you have never discovered.' He took up the ring and touching the inside with the point of a pin, a small aperture flew open, and disclosed a small space filled with hair. It was not till that moment it was discovered that the stranger had lost the little finger of the left hand! For a moment all was still as the grave. A frightful feeling seemed to pervade the breast of every one around. It was as though the murdered stood before them to claim his own! The stranger broke into a loud laugh. 'What the devil ails you all? are you afraid of a man without a finger!' and his laughter was louder than before.

'Ill not go into the room,' said Knox, in a low broken voice.

'Then the watch and ring are mine,' said the stranger. 'You have forfeited the wager;' and he began to fill the bag with the coin.

'It's a base juggle to rob me of my property,' cried Knox, whose courage returned as he witnessed the unghostlike manner in which the stranger fingered the money.

'Keep to your wager, man,' cried Thomas, 'we'll see you rightly dealt with. He can no more do what he says, than raise the prince of darkness himself.'

'Will you stand to your bargain?' asked the stranger.

'I will; and defy the devil and all his works.' He took a candle and a loaded pistol, and went towards the room. If ever the agony of a life were condensed into the short space of a few minutes, that was the time. Ruffian as he was, he was a pitiable object. Pale and trembling, without making an effort to conceal his distress, he paused and turned irresolute even at the threshold of the door. Shame and avarice urged him on. He entered the room and closed the door.

If I say that I looked on as a calm spectator of these proceedings, I should say falsely. I began to grow nervous, and was infected with the superstitious feeling which had evidently taken possession of my companions. The only unconcerned person was the stranger; at least, he was apparently so. He very coolly tied up the money, watch, and ring, in the bag, and placed them on the table. He then took two pieces of paper, and wrote some characters on both. one he handed to Thomas: it was marked with the name of the gunger: the other he kept himself. He advanced to the fire, which was blazing brightly, and muttering a few words, threw into it a small leaden pacquet, and retired at the same moment to the end of the room. The flames had hardly time to melt the thin sheet-lead, ere our ears were greet d with the most terrific and appalling explosion that I have ever in my life heard, and as tho' the elements were in unison, a deafening thunder crash shook the house to its very foundation. Every man was thrown violently to the ground; the chairs and tables tumbled about, as though imbued with life; every door was burst open by the shock, and hardly a pane of glass remained entire. This, with the screams of the women, and the groans of the men, if any one could withstand, without actual terror taking possession of his heart, he must be a bolder man than I was. For several minutes (for so it appeared to me) did we lie on the floor in this state, expecting, momentarily, the house to fall over us in ruins. All was, however, silent as death, except the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the storm; so that, when the sense of suffocation was somewhat removed by the fresh air forcing through the open doors and windows, we ventured to hail each other.

It was sometime, however, before we could get a light; and that accomplished, our first care was to look to our friend in the back parlour. We found him lying on his face, quite insensible, and bleeding from a wound in the head, which he must have received in falling. We brought him into the large room; and after a time, when people could be brought to their senses, we procured restoratives. I never shall forget the wild and ghastly look with which he first gazed around him. He looked around, as though seeking some horrid object. 'It's gone,' he cried; 'thank God!—what a horrid sight!—who saw it?' "Saw what? who?" asked Thomas. 'Just as bloody and ghastly, as when I pitched him down the shaft,' cried he incoherently.

'Hush! hush!' said Thomas; 'collect yourself—you don't know what you're talking of.' 'Who says I murdered him!' cried the miserable being before us. 'Who says I got his money? He's a liar, I say—a liar. His money is sunk with him. Let 'em hang me—I am innocent. They cannot prove it.' It became too distressing. Fortunately for the feelings of all, the unhappy man, or rather maniac, relapsed into insensibility, and in that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of the stranger. No trace of him could be found.—The money, ring, and watch, had disappeared.

Strange were the rumours abroad the next day at St. Agnes. Some men going very early to work, averred they saw a horseman flying over the moors, crossing shafts and pits, without once staying to pick his way. It could have been no human horseman, nor steed, that could have sped on such a wild career. There was another report, whtch accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the stranger in another way. Some smugglers reported, that on that night they saw a beautiful French smuggling lugger sheltering from the gale in a little unfrequented bay along the coast. It might have been one of the crew, who had made himself acquainted with the circumstances he mentioned, and which was no secret, and made this bold dash for a prize: but this version of the story was scouted, as quite unworthy of the slightest credit. The former was the popular belief.

If any one of the *dramatis personæ* of the above sketch should happen to cast his eye over it, which, by the way, is the most unlikely thing possible, seeing the great probability that they have all been hanged long since; but if by *alibi*, or any other convenient means, only one should have escaped from justice, he will bear witness to the faithfulness of my narrative; and acknowledge, with gratitude, the obligation of immortality in the Monthly Magazine.

The Convict.

THIS SINGULAR STORY IS ACTUALLY TRUE.

ROSE Mac ORNE

was a rare sample of Scottish beauty. Her eyes deeply blue, as Loch Lomond; glowing cheeks, hair light and glossy, parted over her broad forehead, like folds of flax colored satin, features, which a shrewd and active mind had strongly developed; a tall muscular frame, of stately proportions; and a firm elastic rapid tread, which she had acquired in early days, when

"Down the rocks she leaped along,
Like rivulets in May."

Her youth was unfortunate; for her mother had died during her infancy, and her profligate and selfish father had abandoned her before she had reached the dangerous age of fifteen.

Many were anxious to take Rose into their service; for she was neat and thrifty as a brawnie, and had the obsequious manner of her countrymen, united with their proverbial knowledge of the direct road to favor and fortune.—Her greatest misfortune was her beauty. Often, after the most unremitting efforts to please, poor Rose was accused of a thousand faults, and dismissed by prudent wives and mothers, lest she should become too dear a servant. Scotch discrimination soon discovered the source of the difficulty, and Scotch ambition resolved to make the most of it. To lovers of her own rank, she was alternately winning and disdainful—determined that none should break her chains, yet dealing out her scorn to each as their characters would bear. With her superiors, she played a deep and insidious game. Trusting to her own strength of pride, she resisted their arts, whilst she almost invariably made them the victims of her own.

In all this, Rose Mac Orne was actuated by something more than a mere girlish love of flirtation and triumph, she was ambitious and had formed high hopes of an opulent marriage. Many a Cantab and Oxonian; many a testy bachelor and gouty widower, had got entangled in her toils, and been extracted only by the early interference of proud or prudent relations. At length, notwithstanding her modest manners, and apparent artlessness, the intrigues of Rose Mac Orne became as proverbial as her beauty; and she could obtain no employment in any family where there was youth to be fascinated, or wealthy old age to be cajoled.

Hearing an East Indiaman was about to sail, with many ladies on board, Rose resolved to seek employment among them, and succeeded in being appointed waiting maid to an elderly lady, who was going out to Calcutta to reside with an invalid son. India!—match making India! opened glorious prospects to scotch ambition. Rose took unexampled pains to please her new mistress, and in two days she was a decided favorite. No wonder the gipsey began to feel proud of her power; for she never attempted to please without decidedly effecting her purpose. But when was inordinate ambition known to be a safeguard either to talent or to beauty. In two days Rose was to leave England, and her mistress having granted her permission to attend the races, she, as a last act of kindness to one of her earliest and most favored lovers consented to accompany him. Rose was very fond of ornaments; and it chanced that her heart was particularly set on a large pearl pin, which her mistress had said she seldom wore, on account of its antique fashion. Rose had more than once signified how pretty she thought it; and wondered if she was rich enough to buy pearls, whether they would become her full and snowy neck. She dared not ask for it outright; and she never in her lifetime had thought of taking any thing dishonestly. But vanity, vanity, that foolish and contemptible passion, which has "slain its tens of thousands," and that too among the fairest and brightest of God's works, prevailed over the better feelings of Rose Mac Orne. She took the envied pin, wore it to the Races, heard James McIntyre praise it, told him her new mistress had given it to her, and then dreading the discovery of the fact, began to devise schemes for exchanging the bauble. The path of sin is steep, and every sin presses one forward with accumulated power.—Rose had already committed a second crime to conceal the first; and now the hopes of secrecy had urged her to commit others. She sold the breast pin and bought a ring with the money, in hopes the pearl would never be enquired for this side of India. But in this she was mistaken; that very day her lady missed the jewel; and Rose went even deeper into falsehood to keep up appearances.

I will not follow her through every step of this shameful struggle. It is sufficient to say the theft was discovered; and Rose instead of sailing for glorious match-making India, was in a few weeks hurried on board a vessel, in which sixty-two other convicts were destined for Botany Bay. This was a painful reverse, for one so young, so beautiful, inordinately ambitious. She looked back upon England with mingled feelings of grief and indignation; contempt of herself and hatred of the laws by which she suffered. And for what had she endured this terrible conflict, first and last, had given her more unhappiness than had been crowded into the whole of her previous existence? Why nothing but the foolish vanity of wearing a cast off pearl!

But Rose Mac Orne had a mind elastic and vigorous; it soon re-bounded from depression, and began to think of new schemes of conquest. She looked around among her companions—most of them tall and robust—some of them very handsome women. She counted them and counted the crew—there were sixty-two convicts, and fifteen men. Before they were half across the Atlantic, Rose had laid a plan daring enough for the helmeted Joan of Arc, in the full tide of her inspiration. She communicated the plan to the women, which they entered into heartily and warmly. Rose might have found lovers enough on board, notwithstanding the orders of the officers; but she chose but one; and that was the pilot! glances and tender notes soon passed between them unperceived by others; for the artful Rose was like a glazier, when the eye of the officer was upon her; and her lover was capable of playing as deep a game as she.

At length the important hour arriving every precaution had been taken, and things were in readiness. The vessel stood for La Plata to exchange cargoes and take in refreshments. They entered the huge arms of the silvery river, and cut its waters with the arrow flight of a bird. At length Buenos Ayres lay before them in the distance with the broad clear moonlight spread over it like a heavenly robe. The wind died away; and the vessel lay gently moving on the bosom of that majestic river, like a child playing itself into slumber. Midnight came—Rose had an eye like a burning glass—the crisis was at hand, and all looked to her for direction. Her lover, according to promise, had taken his turn to be pilot; and all were asleep, save him and his convicts. He sat at the helm looking out upon the waters, and listening to the "silence audible." There was a slight motion of the sails announced by a low whistle from the pilot. In twenty minutes, every man was bound fast and gagged, the convicts were armed, and the vessel was in full sweep for the port of Buenos Ayres! There it arrived a prize to the prisoners! Great noise was made about the vessel being seized by a woman and brought triumphantly into port. The "Lady Shore," (for that was the vessel's name) was crowded with South Americans. The bravery of the women was loudly applauded, and in three days the richest young Spaniard offered himself to the bold and beautiful young Rose Mac Orne. Her promise to the pilot was forgotten.

The ambitious Scotch woman now wears pearls in plenty; and most of her sister convicts are at the head of respectable families in Buenos Ayres.

Democratic Meeting.

At a large meeting of the Democratic Citizens of Columbia in the Town Hall on Thursday evening October 2d, 1834, MICHAEL ELDER, Esq. was called to the Chair, and HUGH BOYLE, appointed Secretary.

On motion it was *Resolved*, that Dr. F. A. Thomas, John Guy, George Wike, P. Wislar, and E. C. Lewis, be a committee to draft resolutions. When the committee retired, Dr. Thomas L. Smith delivered a neat and pertinent address—after which the committee reported the following preamble and resolutions, which met the approbation of the meeting—

We hold it to be the duty of every citizen to exert himself that the liberty bequeathed to us by our ancestors may descend to posterity—untarnished and unimpaired—that the bright, we might say celestial gift, shall not be torn from us by the unholy efforts of an infamous faction, *whose God is gold*, and who would surrender our dearest rights and most inestimable privileges, for golden chains, who would degrade freemen and hurl them from their enviable height, to make them the bondsmen of a Bank, and slaves of Bank directors, stockholders and their myrmidons! What has been the course pursued by the U. S. Bank in the contest that has been raging for the few past years—has it been such as to entitle the people to place any confidence in it—has it not appropriated its thousands for political purposes—has it not hired journals to lavish the most unbounded praise on its corrupt practices and hurl the most shameful abuse at our worthy and patriotic President—has it not by means of the pressure it occasioned, tried to force the people into its measures, has it not set Congress (who created it) at defiance, by refusing to give up its books to the Committee sent to investigate them—has it not formed a political band, by means of its numerous branches to advance its interests and with the "strong hand of power" destroy the liberty of the people—has it not bribed senators to use their influence in its cause, and in short, has it not used every dishonorable effort to effect its infamous purposes and used every mean artifice to circumvent the people? It has, and will the people suffer it? The answer is emphatically, No. And what has been the course of the Bank adherents—have they not declared that the Bank must be supported—"peaceably if we can, *forcibly* if we must—have they not arrogated to themselves "all the wealth, all the talents, and all the decency"—have they not designated us the mob party, the collar men, and used a hundred other abusive names—are they not daily slandering the patriots who advocate the people's cause—do they not try every means to divide, ridicule, and abuse us—and have they not adopted a system of proscription and discharged mechanics from their employment because they could neither force or bribe them to vote as they did? They have! And what do they now ask of us? To be placed in office that they may have an opportunity of playing the tyrant on a larger scale, and will freemen grant this *modest* request:—forbid it Heaven, forbid it spirits of our departed patriots. We have yet too much detestation of oppression to kiss the chains that the Bank and its satellites would fetter us with. American citizens (the proudest distinction man can boast of) Democrats, (the pride and boast of the freest nation on the face of the globe,) 'tis you we look to for the preservation of our rights—arise in your strength, show the world that a few insignificant men (possessing their thousands in bank stock and bank paper) shall not rule the destiny of ten millions of freemen, show these aristocrats (who would disperse their treasures to subjugate us and purchase power for themselves) that American citizens spurn them and their riches—show them that they cannot delude us to our undoing, but let us be

Resolved, that each individual of the Democratic party will use his utmost, honorable exertions to prostrate the *Serpent* that is preying upon the vitals of our liberty.

Resolved, that the firm and unyielding stand that our worthy and Patriotic President has taken to preserve our liberties,—entitles him to the lasting gratitude of freemen—a richer reward he cannot receive.

Resolved, that Benton, Polk, Wilkins, and other patriots who have so warmly espoused the cause of the people, receive our sincere thanks. The gratitude of a nation and the approval of their own conscience is a richer reward than U. S. Bank notes.

Resolved, that the U. S. Bank is the nations *curse*. There is no need to state the reason why, every *freeman* knows it.

Resolved, that we consider General Samuel McKean a double dealer, a traitor to the party that sent him to the U. S. Senate, and entitled to the reprobation of every honest man.

Resolved, that we pity the infatuation of the anti-masons in sending Gen. Hiester to Congress to support their cause—it is a well known fact that at Washington he becomes ashamed of his party, *cuts* it and becomes a bank-man, but when at home harrangues on anti-masonry until he is again sent to the Capitol when he resumes his former character and laughs at his dupes.

Resolved, that the administration of George Wolf has been characterised by honesty, firmness and patriotism, and deserves our gratitude and full and undivided support at the next general election.

Resolved, that we view the approaching Election to be an important crisis, second only to the struggle for Liberty in "1796."—We therefore consider that the present is and ought to be valued by every friend of Liberty as the proper time to make every *honorable* exertion, and use every *honorable* effort, to avoid the galling yoke of bondage, and the glittering chains that the satellites of Nicholas Biddle and his cabal are trying to fetter a free people with. But thank Heaven, the people possess too much of the spirit of the revolution to tamely submit to the oppression of a golden monarch.

Resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the "Columbia Spy," and "Marietta Advocate."

Resolved, that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the "Lancaster Journal," "Lancaster Intelligencer," and all the democratic papers in the county.

Resolved, that this meeting adjourn to meet at the Town Hall on Thursday evening October 9th, at 7 o'clock.

Resolved, that Dr. Thomas L. Smith be requested to deliver an address at the meeting on the 9th.

MICHAEL ELDER, Chairman.
HUGH BOYLE, *Secretary*.

FROM THE N. Y. ADVERTISER.

Mathews the Imposter.

This bold and successful imposter, arrived in this city from Albany on Thursday evening, in custody of Mr. J. S. Smith, of the Upper Police Office. He was [illegible] short time under examination yesterday [illegible] the proceedings were soon suspended—to be resumed to day. Among other articles found with him when arrested, was a very beautiful two edged sword, which the fellow calls the sword of Gideon, and which he says was miraculously preserved and put into his possession. On examining it, however, it exhibits strong marks of having belonged once to, or at least been made for, an officer of the United States Army, as the blade of it bears the national motto, "*E Pluribus Unum.*" Along with this was found a six feet rule, marked like a Carpenter's scale, which Matthews says was to measure the New Jerusalem, in order to divide into lots for such as believed in him, and assisted to support him. If, however, his followers had examined this rule closely, they would have found the name "Kutz, maker, No. 164 Water Street, New York." Along with these articles, is a large gold key, or at least a key that looks like gold, which he says was given him to unlock the gates of Heaven. Mr. Smith ascertained at Albany, that Mathews has a wife and daughter in that city, the former about 40, and the latter about 20 years of age, who are in very indigent circumstances, and get their livelihood by "washing and ironing." He also succeeded in recovering 91 of the half Eagles taken from Mr. Folger on the 18th inst., and fifty of the hundred dollars previously obtained. The latter were in bills secreted in the leg of Matthews's boot. The Times of this morning publishes an abstract of Mr. Folger's examination, which corresponds with the statements contained in this paper yesterday. We take the following from the conclusion of the report:

Mr. Smith also brought down the baggage of Matthews, consisting of a large leather and hair trunk, and a carpet bag—the latter filled with new boots, shoes and pumps, and the former with linen and wearing apparel of the richest and most costly description. Linen shirts of the most exquisite fineness, the wristbands fringed with delicate lace; silk stockings and handkerchiefs, kid and other gloves and a great variety of other similar articles, fitted out the trunk; the other contained his gold mounted cocked hat, and olive cloak of the finest texture, lined throughout with velvet and silk, a new green and a brown frock coat of similar quality, the former heavily embroidered with gold, and the latter with silver, in the form of stars, with a large sun on one breast and 7 stars on the other; 2 merino morning dresses; and other rich et ceteras "too tedious to mention." But the "cap sheaf" of all were two night caps, made of linen cambric, folded in the form of a mitre richly embroidered; with the names of the twelve apostles written around it, and "Jesus Matthias" adorning the front in more conspicuous characters; the other surrounded with the names of the twelve tribes, the front embellished the same as the other. The whole betokened the utmost extravagance and lavish expenditure of money and labor; and *months* must have been spent by female hands (probably those of some one or more of his deluded dupes) in ornamenting and making up the apparel of this dainty carpenter and prophet. His snuff box, however, was not of so sacred a character. It was one of French manufacture, ornamented on the top with an illustration of the fable of the monkey and two cats, in which the cats appeal to his monkeyship for his decision of a dispute between them, relative to the possession of an oyster,—the judge perching himself on a grindstone, swallowing the oyster, and dividing the shell between his glutted clients. The profane may deem it as apt an illustration of its possessor and *his* clients, as of the monkey and the cats; but we are not so wicked as to countenance, openly, such a notion.

Besides the charges against Matthews, founded on his intercourse with Mr. Folger, another has been instituted during the present week, of a still more outrageous and devlish character. On Thursday morning a warrant was received from Mount Pleasant, issued by Charles Yeo, a magistrate of that place, for the arrest of Matthews, on a charge of having *poisoned Mr. Pierson*, whose death is mentioned in a preceding column. Embodied in the warrant, is the substance of Mrs. Rosetta Drach, 148 Chambers street, who testifies that on the 5th of August she left this city to visit Mrs. Pierson, with whom she had been long and intimately acquainted, at Sing Sing. Arriving at the house (then in charge of Matthews) she was met at the door by Matthews, who allowed her to enter, but denied her seeing Mr. P. as he was sick. During the day she repeatedly importuned Matthews to be allowed to visit Mr. Pierson's room, but was either openly refused, or received from Matthews evasive answers tantamount to refusal. She states that after she had retired to bed, she was prevented from sleeping, partly by fear, and partly by the dismal groans constantly issuing from Mr. Pierson's room; and that on rising in the morning, she was told by Matthews that Mr. Pierson was dead; though neither he nor any one else in the house could inform her of the character of his sickness or cause of his death. The warrant also states that a *post mortem* examination of Mr. Pierson's body was taken by four respectable physicans in New Jersey, where it was taken for interment; and that Justice Yeo has now in his possession a certificate signed by them all, certifying that they found in Mr. Pierson's stomach, a "*large quantity of an unwholesome and deadly substance*, which had been introduced accidentally or otherwise. We are also assured, by unquestionable authority, that other and more conclusive evidence in support of the charge, is awaiting the arrival of Matthews at Sing Sing—where he will probably be removed in a day or two.

EXAMINATION OF MATTHIAS.—Matthias was yesterday examined at the Upper Police, before Justice Wyman, N. B. Hall, Esq. acted as the prisoner's counsel. The 'prophet' seemed to be extremely subdued in spirit, and answered the questions put to him in a mild low tone of voice. The following were the questions put to him, and his answers.

Questions. What is your name, age, and place of birth?

Answer. My name is Matthias, which is the name I inherited from my father. I am forty six years of age, and was born at Cambridge, in Washington county, State of New York.

Q. Where is your place of residence, and what is your occupation, profession, or calling.

A. I am a traveller. Zion Hill is my legal home. I am a Jewish teacher—priest of the Most High—preaching, saying, and doing all that I do, under oath by virtue of my having subscribed to all the covenants that God has made unto man, from the beginning up to this time;—chief high priest of the Jews, after the order of Melchisedek, being the last chosen of the apostles, and the first of the resurrection, which is at the end of 2300 years after the building of Jerusalem by Cyrus, and 1260 after the birth of Mahomet, which terminated in 1830,—that being the summit of the power of the false prophet. I am now denouncing a judgment on the Gentile, and that judgment is to be executed in this age. All the blood from Zachariah till the death of the last witness, is required of this generation, and before this generation passeth away, this judgment shall be executed. I am myself the spirit of truth and I declare these things, and that the hour of God's judgment is come.

Q. Did you endeavor to impress the mind of Mr. Folger with the truth of what you have stated in your last answer?

'In my general character of preacher, I endeavor to impress all men with the importance of what I have stated in my last answer; but not more in relation to Mr. Folger than any other person.

Q. Did you ever tell Mr. Folger that you possessed the power of life and death, the remission of sins and the salvation of souls; and that if he believed in you, he would be saved, but if he would not, that he would be damned?

A. In my character of preacher, I say that my person is a trumpet for the spirit of truth to speak by, and that this spirit, by this trumpet, declares that every person must believe in this said spirit of truth, and practice obedience as did Jesus of Nazareth; and this obedience will secure eternal life. My general declaration was, that if they believed in the spirit of truth, they would be saved, and if not, they would be damned. To the question at large, I answer No; but I said to all, that they must practice obedience in all the branches of the spirit of truth, as it dictates to themselves and those around them.

Q. Did you ever receive any money or property from Mr. Folger, and if so, how much, and of what description?

A. In all my preaching, and especially to strangers, I have always declared that I could receive nothing from them as of their property, but if they felt as though they had in their possession property which they believed belonged to God, and if they believe that I was the servant of God, then they could give me of that property whatever they pleased; and I have never received any property or money from any person in any other way since I commenced preaching the everlasting gospel. Mr. Folger, Mr. Pierson, and Mr. M. frequently declared to me that they believed I was the Father, and that I was qualified to establish God's kingdom upon earth, and that Zion Hill was transferred to me; with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, for that purpose, including horses, carriages, and furniture of the house, No 8 Third street, in the city of New York. And it was also agreed that the house and lot No. 8 third street, should be conveyed to me; and Mr. Pierson directed a deed to be made out accordingly, but died before it was completed. A bill in Chancery was afterwards filed against me, and a *ne exeat* obtained, by which it appeared that I must give security in the sum of ten thousand dollars; and I consented to rescind the contract and restore the property, which I did, as I then believed I was obliged to do so; but I still claim the property as my own, for the purposes for which it was originally given; that is to say, for the purpose of establishing God's kingdom on earth and that that was the beginning.

Q. Did you ever reside in Mr. Folger's family?

A. I was there a short time previous to the transfer of the property above mentioned. Mr. Folger said to me, "When you feel disposed, come to my house, and make it your home;" and as near as I can recollect, this invitation was given in June or July, 1833, at his office in Pearl street.

Q. Did you, a short time previous to leaving his house, receive from him, or from any member of his family, any number of eagles, and if so, how many?

A. I have received from Mr. Folger, at different times, gold, in exchange for bank notes of my own, and I believe that about eight hundred dollars was in gold of different coins.—Some of it was in quarter, and some of it in half eagles; and the whole amount that I have received from Mr. Folger, and Mr. Pierson, including a bond and mortgage to secure to Mrs. Folger the sum of about $5000 of her own seperate estate, is about $10,000 which I have paid at different times, in furnishing the establishment at Zion Hill, and at No. 8 third street, for which Mr. Folger has the bills in his possession. In commencing the establishment at Zion Hill, and also the establishment in third street, many transactions took place in money, between Mr, Folger, Mr. Pierson, and myself, in which we frequently accommodated each other, as occasion required, and in all these transactions I acted as the Father, in good faith, in the sense above mentioned, and I continued to expend money for those establishments until the very day I left Mr. Folger's house. As to the five $20 bills mentioned in Mr. Folger's affidavit, I believe it is a mistake; as I have no recollection of having received that sum in bills of that denomination, but have received from him different sums at different times, and at one time in particular, I received the amount of twenty-seven hundred dollars. The prisoner was then remanded.—*Jour. Com.*

FROM THE VERMONT PHENIX.

A Scrap from a Satchel.

During all the early part of the afternoon, the Court had been engaged in the case of Corbet and Cantfied; but it was evidently an unwelcome business—it dragged heavily along—nobody was interested—the bar manifested a fidgetty impatience—the loungers in the back rows gave portentous yawns; they had heard enough of endorsers and guarantors and primary and secondary liability. One grave, staid old man audibly exclaimed, "confound that case of Corbet and Cantfield, when will they get through it?" The agent of Corbet declared afterwards that the plaintiff's case was pushed off, half tried, through the general eagerness to take up the "breach of promise."—The Court seemed to sympathize with the bar and the audience; for having heard the testimony, they forthwith impaled the plaintiff on a point of law; the counsel made a faint struggle, but it wouldn't do: Corbet was cast. In legal parlance he was put *in mercy*, that is, doomed to pay a swingeing bill of costs,—and thus ended Corbet and Cantfield. The great cause stood next for trial.

There was a general arrecton of ears as his Honor, Judge M ——, smoothed down the leaves of his docket and called the case of Hepsibeth S—— against Orris R——. A buz ran through the crowd,—"it is coming on," was uttered by a dozen voices outside the house, and immediately a dense mass rushed in and occupied all the vacant places in the court room. Never was there such a jam in the temple of justice—it was equal to the pressure in the money market. Woe to the man who stood during that trial, outside the bar, with corns on his toes,—he would have felt the full force of the poet's compendious description of a crowd,

'Concurrunt, *haeret pede pes*, densusque viro vir.'

Personal rights and privileges were wholly unrespected; sundry bottles were broken with force and arms in the very pockets of the proprietors, within three feet of the sheriff's box. But from the moment that the plaintiff's counsel unrolled the writ, 16 feet long, a profound silence reigned throughout the vast concourse. The declaration contained little that was peculiar; like all tales of broken vows in legal phrase, it commenced with *quod cum* and ended with *ad damnum*. After the reading came the statement, and then the proof, and the counter statement, the proof *per contra*, and the summing up and the charge. From all these various sources it appeared that Orris, which name, translated from the French, means "golden smile," and for which a Barrister conjectured that the defendant was indebted to his yellow teeth, is a thrifty, substantial husbandman of R——;—in the language of a female witness, "it is expected he is about one of the forehandedest men in them parts." He had wedded in early life—was the father of eight children, and had just turned his third climacteric when death mowed down the partner of his joys, leaving him a lone man on the earth. The learned judge, in the course of the trial, laid it down as a general principle, "that the elements of love and matrimony were partly sentimental and partly corporal." For a few months after his bereavement, Orris remained in a state of oscillation between the two, illustrating the logic of his Honors division, until he cast his eyes on the fair Hepsibeth, and thenceforth the "Corporal" had a decided preponderance. Of Hepsibeth, (which, by interpretation is "my delight is in her,") a sentimental description was given in her counsel's brief. Her stature is tall, (for Orris, like Lord Byron, 'hates a dumpy woman')—her hair was once of a glossy, raven blackness,—perhaps there may be now a few white hairs,—the witnesses will not swear positively—but thinks she has no grey hairs—to speak of. Her cheeks were high and lofty, and their summits tinged deep red, as if they had been scorched by the rays that shot from her keen, black, sparkling eyes; her face presented a nasal elongation which would have done honor to the colossal statue of Semiramis at Alexandria, before it was smashed by the sledge hammers of the Vandallas: her mouth (and this is woman's *tout en tout*) is an exact conic section, the hyperbola, a remarkable arch which, like the rainbow, gives assurance that 'seed time shall never fail;' or as we heard a liquorish amateur express it, the corners seemed to be striving with all their might to kiss the deep dimple that nature had planted in the centre of the chin. Withall, Hepsibeth was a widow, and the counsel undertook to compare her to queen Dido, but certainly the parallel will not hold, for had Dido possessed half the spirit of widow S——, instead of sitting down to pour her grief into sister Anne's lap, she would have feed a lawyer and served Æneas with a writ of *ne exeat regno*. Orris being frail, flesh and blood, easily succumbed to the charms of the widow. Indeed he was represented as full of fire and fury,—he could not wait a week,—a month would burn him to a cinder,—the thing must be done, finished, consummated, "fully completed and ended" by the next Sunday night. Could a widow resist such ardor and impetuosity! No, no—and so on Sunday night they twain were to become one flesh.—The preliminaries being thus settled, the ulterior arrangements were made. Hepsibeth made a *vendue* and sold a "good many of her things." Orris invited guests, and employed a clergyman to "minister the sanctimonious ceremonies" before "letting fall the sweet expression,"—the course of love seemed to run smooth, and

——Oh heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults.

The time came round, the long expected Sunday night arrived, the guests assembled, the clergyman was ready, "book in hand;" the bride had put on her fine linen, but Orris,—oh shame! did not appear—he made default.—Hepsibeth was fairly non-suited in Hymen's court,—there was no joinder of issue,—there was error in the proceedings—they were quashed. Before another day broke, the goods, and chattels, lands and tenements of the false-hearted swain were under attachment. Orris could no more stand such an application than he could one little week before, resist the sweet looks of the fair widow: love and law were equally powerful to melt his heart;—he went straight to Hepsibeth and offered her his body in marriage, but she was incensed and incorrigible: she had consulted an attorney—she had learned that a lover's body, like other specific articles, must be tendered on the day—she snapped her fingers in Orris's face. What could the poor man do but make a *profart in curia* of himself, and seek the clemency of the jury from the prosecutions of the relentless widow? And a most moving picture did he present in court. His white hairs plead for him, his hollow sunken eyes, his neglected beard, his quivering lip plead for him. He wiped the perspiration from his brow with a clean cotton handkerchief, whereon was printed the skirt-pulling scene between Joseph and Potiphar's wife. But all pleading for Orris was vain,—the jury gallantly gave the widow a verdict of $547—numbers which it is supposed were suggested by the ages of the parties, he being 54 and she 47. At a quarter before nine we dropped into the clerk's room. The plaintiff's attorney sat coning over a long column of items, which we found were costs *de incremento*. He stated the sum total, rubbed his hands, threw back his spectacles, gave a yawn of self-satisfaction, and repeated with considerable emphasis,

——the sovreignest remedy on earth
Is *Parmacitty*, for an inward bruise.

ALLEGHENY PORTAGE RAIL ROAD. A recent trip across this railway has satisfied us that this work is substantially, and in many places elegantly constructed. The trade across the mountain is brisk—there being nearly or perhaps quite 300 cars employed at present in carrying it, and the many new ones that are placed upon the road is a sure evidence of the increased demands of commerce. Of course great difficulties occur in passing and re-passing, there being but one track completed;—but owing to the admirable arrangements adopted by the State agents, many of these are obviated, and as every exertion is now making for the finishing of the second track, the interruption mentioned cannot continue any great length of time. Owing to various reasons, as we understand, the iron for the second track was not finally contracted for until the fifth of June last, in Wales. A great portion of it is now in the course of delivery upon the road, and it is highly probable that the entire railway will be opened for business with both tracks by the time the canal is ready for transportation in the Spring. Three locomotive engines are now building, and will be ready for the Spring trade.

Great credit is due to Mr. JONES, the Superintendent, and Mr. WELSH, the Chief Engineer and his Assistants, for the rapidity with which the construction of the road has been forwarded, and for the excellence and elegance (more particularly) of its mechanical portions. We need only mention the splendid *Viaduct*—by far the most so in America—across the Conemaugh, in the very midst of the wildest part of the Allegheny mountains: And the superior beauty and utility of the *planes*, with their machinery—one of them over 3000 feet in length; on which a loaded car, or perhaps 3 or 4 of them proceed up at a rate which need only to be viewed from the turnpike beneath to satisfy any one that when reviled Pennsylvania undertakes a work, she stands second to none of her sister states, and far superior to any one of them, in the boldness and excellence of its execution, and in its ultimate advantage to the East and West, and profit to her own State Treasury.—*Harrisburg Chronicle.*

The London Morning Chronicle of the 19th ult says:—

"We believe the Government of this country have at length determined to have recourse to more efficacious means than have hitherto been resorted to, for the purpose of terminating more speedily the absurd and harrassing strife which has now so long distracted the Peninsula, and which opposes such serious obstacles to the regeneration and improvement of countries with which so many important British interests are bound up. We are not at liberty to say more on this subject at present; but we believe the measures in contemplation will be fully adequate to effect the object to which we have alluded."

It is with pain that we record an accident which occurred upon the Rail-Road this morning. MR. LINT, an aged and very infirm individual, and who, we have heard, is very hard of hearing and nearsighted, had placed himself unfortunately upon the track, just as the second train was about starting. He was thrown down, and one of the cars passed over his thigh, mutilating it so shockingly that there can be but little hope of his recovery. Not the slightest blame can be attached to any person.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

ILLINOIS.

Official returns of the recent Election are at last published. For Governor, Joseph Duncan received 17,603 votes; Kinney 10,236 votes; McLaughlin, 4,423; and James Addams near 1000. Duncan, it will be observed, has more than all the other candidates.

For Lieut. Governor, A. M. Jenkins received 13,363 votes; James Evans 8,727; W. L. Archer 8,043.

For Congress, in the First District, John Reynolds had 4,108 votes; Snyder 3,713; Humphreys 1,978.

Second District—Casey 5,593; Davidson 3,896.

Third District—May 6,757; Mills 6,124.

The vote upon the selection of a town for the seat of government, under an act of the last Legislature, does not appear to have been a general one, many of the counties not voting at all, and others not returning the votes when given. As far heard from, Vandalia has 582 votes; Alton 5232; Springfield 5173. It is probable that when all the returns are received, Vandalia will be a little ahead.—*Missouri Repub.*

Notice to Gunners.

The public are warned against HUNTING on the property of the subscriber in York co. Those trespassing after this notice, will be dealt with acording to law.

CHRISTIAN KEESEY.

York co. July 31, 1834.

WINDOW SASH.

Cheap Window Sash of every size and description for sale by

J. Grosh.

Marietta Sept. 11, 1834.

NOTICE.

I do hereby notify all persons indebted to me, that I have transferred my Books (containing amounts against sundry individuals) to ABRAHAM CASSEL for collection.

JAMES STEELE.

Marietta, September 18, 1834.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to JAMES STEELE, will please take notice that I am duly authorised to collect and receive all monies due on his Books, and further I would notify all those indebted to the said James Steele, that if their respective amounts are not settled and paid by the *first* of NOVEMBER next, the Books will be left with a Magistrate for collection.

ABRAHAM CASSEL.

Marietta September 18, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

This day was dissolved the partnership in the Tailoring business, known under the firm of RATHVON and McCLELLAND; all persons indebted to the firm are requested to make payment to Simon S. Rathvon immediately, and all persons having claims against the firm are requested to present their claims to S. S. Rathvon for payment.

S. S. RATHVON,
SAMUEL McCLELLAND.

Marietta, September 22, 1834.

Tailoring.

S. S. RATHVON respectfully informs his old customers and the public generally, that he has taken the shop into his own hands, and is now prepared to execute work in all its various branches.

Marietta, September 25, 1834.

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, October 9, 1834.

☞ ANOTHER DUN. ☜

We make another appeal to the hearts and pockets of our subscribers. We know money is scarce, but we do not believe that there is a single individual subscriber, who cannot afford to pay the paltry sum due us. Men seem to forget that printers cannot live upon air—that their Paper, their Ink, their Journeymen, demand CASH. Our expenses are heavy—honest debts must be paid, and we feel assured that our friends, after this renewed appeal, will not withhold from us the small sums which they can at any time command. By complying with this reasonable request, we will be enabled to pursue our editorial course with invigorated zeal and alacrity.

Chief Burgess.

SAMUEL MCKINNEY was on Friday last elected Chief Burgess, in the room of Samuel D. Miller, Esq. resigned.

Inspector's Election.

James Noble, the Jackson candidate, was elected Inspector for the General Election to be held in the borough of Marietta on Tuesday the 14th of October, by a majority of 13 votes.

Governor Wolf and suite, accompanied by a number of distinguished gentlemen, arrived in this place on Monday afternoon, and after partaking of some refreshments, at the Eagle Hotel, was escorted to Columbia by a committee of his friends from that place.

The Canal between Columbia and Middletown has not been used for about a week, on account of the want of a supply of water, and as the Canal is fed from the River, we make the following extract from the Harrisburg Chronicle of the 6th, which will show the cause.

The Susquehanna has been lower this season than it was ever known to be, being three inches below the mark on Maclay's rock made in 1803.

We wish our *subscribers* would attend to the call at the head of this column, and save us the time we shall have to spend in calling on them.

Cholera.

The Cholera has appeared in Philadelphia, and a number have died of it, among the rest we understand JOHN C. MINTZER, a gentleman who taught Music and Dancing in this place during last summer, has fallen a victim to it.

The Ohio, at Cincinnati, is within 6 or 8 inches of being as low as ever it was known to be.

The City of Philadelphia at the late Inspector elections went in favor of the Anti-Jackson party by about 1000. The Jackson Democratic majority in the county of Philadelphia is upwards of 2000.

A man by the name of Perry, was assasinated on Friday last, while he was standing at the corner of 12th and Locust street, a spectator of an affray that took place. The Mayor of Philadelphia has offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the villain, who committed this foul deed.

More Rioting.

We learn from the Spy that a serious riot occurred in Columbia on Thursday night last. The new cause of tumult, was the reported marriage of black man to a white woman. The dwellings of four colored persons were much injured, and one black man severely beaten. On the same night the Carpenter shop, and tools of Mr. Cooper, and a large quantity of stuff prepared for the finishing of a new building, being erected by Mr. Jacob Gossler, was destroyed by fire. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The President of the United States has returned to Washinton in good health.

Ice the eighth of an inch thick, was formed in the vicinity of Germantown, on Tuesday the 29th of September.

Tolls to the amount of $1976 20 cents was received at the Collectors office in Columbia, during the week ending on the 27th of September.

Thursday the 27th of November, has been appointed by the Governor, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, throughout Massachusetts.

We understand that William B. Galbraith of Mountjoy, in this county, has offered himself as a volunteer candidate for Assembly, at the election to be held on Tuesday next.

We would call the attention of our readers to the following article, copied from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. The Reading Chronicle says that "a medical gentleman of high respectability, states that the immediate cause of several deaths in his practice, could be traced to this abominable nostrum.

Morrisons Pills.

Joseph Webb was convicted, in July last of manslaughter, before Lord Chief Baron Lyndhurst, of London, for causing the death of Richard Richardson, an apprentice boy, by giving him the famous Morrison *vel* hygean pills—his disease being small pox. The testimony brought forward on the trial, shows very clearly that there is quite as much glory in being duped in England, by the arch venders of the ne plus ultra of quack medicines, as in the U. States.

Another agent of the manufactures of these pills has suffered a singular *persecution* in a Court of Law England—notwithstanding his philanthropic exertion in the behalf of poor suffering humanity, in being mulcted in the sum of *five hundred pounds damage*. Dr. Pursell, of Stockbridge, an upright and distinguished practitioner, having been outrageously and shamefully slandered in a case where the nonesuch pills were thrust in by an officious meddling woman, backed by some official of the imaginary British College of Health, appealed to a jury for redress. The case was tried before Chief Justice Tindale, and terminated in the manner already related. It is hoped that the trials in England, and the laughable expositions recently made in Court at the City of New York, will have some influence in lessening the sale of this trash. Such profit accrues from the trade, that all those who imitate the originals have carried on an excellent business. Our Yankee Pedlars have already a supply in the market at reduced prices.

Our Red Brethren.

A very interesting account of the expedition of Dragoons under Col. Dodge to the country of far off Indians, with whom our Government have heretofore had no direct communication, is in type for this paper, in a letter from an officer of the expedition to Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. After the letter was in type we received the *Globe* of the 1st instant, stating, "that official advices have reached the War Department, stating the return of Col. Dodge and his command from the expedition they have been engaged in, after the successful accomplishment of the objects in view."

The Globe gives a summary of the official advices, varying little from the letter that we have copied, and concludes with the information that "An interesting Diary of the expedition has been transmitted, which will be copied for publication."

There is humanity as well as philosophy in seeking intercourse with, and cultivating the good will of the Indians on our remote frontier. Whether it shall precipitate or avert what seems to be their destiny, when in habits of intercourse with the white man, is a question to be solved; and which we doubt not the Executive and the Enlightened head of the War Department maturely considered before this expedition was determined on.—*Harrisburg Chronicle.*

FROM THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

Internal Improvements of Pennsylvania.

There is a great want of information throughout the State with respect to these great channels of trade—our Rail Road and Canals, which form so prominent a feature in the domestic policy of Pennsylvania. Few, except those who have made it their duty, are aware of the important bearing which these improvements exert upon the prosperity of the state; and, with the design of bringing before the public eye a few of the advantages which may be derived from them, thereby adding my mite to the general stock, and consequently bringing the people to a proper appreciation of these sources of revenue, I have favored you with a few facts in relation thereto, loosely sprung together, but nevertheless *facts*. It may not occur to the minds of some of your readers, that this is the first year which has presented an uninterrupted chain of rail road and canal communication from Philadelphia to Pittsburg.

Heretofore although a brisk business had been done on the Canals, the difficulty of transportation across the Allegheny in consequence of the non-completion of the Portage Rail Way, gave the New York Canal an advantage over ours, which, from the location, nature had denied it. As soon, however, as this part of the line of improvement was finished, and the vexatious delays and difficulties consequent upon so novel a mode of transportation, were surmounted, the superiority of this route over all others, decidedly manifested itself, and the extensive increase of carrying facilities made by the several forwarding companies were found to be quite insufficient to meet the immense accumulation of freights. To show you what fair prospects may be indulged of successfully competing with the Erie Canal, I might mention that *one-fifth* at least of all freight sent westward on the Pennsylvania Canal during the past summer, were *New York goods*. The price of transportation was then but one dollar per hundred, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, but is of course higher since the commencement of the Fall business, which so far has proven altogether beyond expectation.

Another matter of some importance is the great increase of *down freight;* this year one company alone brought down no less than 900 hhds. Western tobacco; the quantities likewise of rags, wool, feathers, and especially of bacon have been astonishing. An important, and I am pleased to add, successful experiment was made in the early part of the season by a Tennessee planter, who sent about thirty tons of Cotton to the seaboard, through our Canal and found, that taking into consideration the *insurance* risk, and price of carriage, borne in the usual way of sending his staple coastwise, he gave inland transportation, and especially the Pennsylvania Canal his most decided preference.

When these facts get to be known, we may fairly calculate that notwithstanding the enormous quantities of freight now carried westward, the balance of trade will be *from* instead of in that direction. Every Pennsylvanian who has the weal of the State at heart, cannot but feel gratified at the prospects which are dawning upon it, and proudly to contemplate the high stand which she is about to take among her sisters, and the glorious and successful rivalry which she is but just commencing to share with her northern neighbor, in the splendid trade of the West. J. B. M.

Harrisburg, Sept. 25, 1834.

The Bible.

A London correspondent of the Boston Journal, gives the following information relative to a new arrangement of the Canonical Books of Scripture.

"I am tempted to recommend to the American public, an improved edition of the Bible, which has been published in this country about eighteen months; and which appears to me to supercede in a great measure, the necessity of commentaries, tables of reference, &c. It is nothing more than a simple arrangement of the scriptures, in the order in which they were written, and originally intended to stand.—The arrangement has been made, after indefatigable exertion, by Mr. Townsend, an Episcopal Clergyman. He has dispensed with the divisions of chapter and verse, by which, paragraphs and even sentences are mutilated and the most important truths rendered liable to misconstruction—and substituted such portions as contain an entire narritive, discourse, history, table, &c. The Psalms are distributed through the history of the Israelites, at the period when they were penned, and thus their applicability—which standing by themselves is obscure—becomes instantly perceptible. It appears that the division into verses is a modern innovation and was made in the eailier process of translation, being merely breaks, when the translator rested: why therefore, the sense should be observed by this form of printing the sacred text, and the unsightly introduction of figures into the letter press, it is difficult to say.

I should add that the New Testament remains in nearly its previous order, the parts being merely arranged chronologically.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday, the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Peebles, Mr. AUGUSTUS BANKS, editor of the Huntingdon Courier, to Miss SARAH, daughter of Mr. John McConnell, all of that borough.

On Monday last, by the Rev. Orson Douglass, the Rev. WILLIAM F. HUSTON, of Columbia, to MISS SARAH WHITEHILL, of this Borough.

DIED

In New Braintee, Mass. Sept. 10. of a cancer, Miss TEMPERANCE JOB, aged 65. She was one of the remnant of Wampanoags, and a descendant from King Philip. She has long been distinguished for her talents and general reading. By her industry and economy, she had procured a sufficient quantity of money to purchase a large collection of well selected books, which she presented to the town. Her body, at her request, was given to the attending physician for dissection.—*Mass. Spy.*

At Boufouca, St. Tammany Parish, La. on the 18th June last, of Cholera, at the house of Mr. John Gusmers, MARTIN V. REINHEART, a native of Chester county, and formerly a resident of Marietta, Pa.

Democratic Meeting.

An adjourned meeting of the Democratic Citizens of the Borough of Marietta, will be held at the public house of Lewis Leader, in the eastern part of the Borough of Marietta, on SATURDAY EVENING next, the 11th of October. A general attendance is requested.

By order of the Committee.

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	*Balt.*	*Phil.*
FLOUR (wheat)	$4.62½	5.12½	5.25
RYE FLOUR	300	3,50	3,75
Corn	60	66	66
WHEAT	1,00	1.02	1,12
RYE	60	66	66
OATS	28	32	32
CLOVERSEED	2,75	4,25	4,25
WHISKEY	27½	30	30
FLAXSEED	125	1,60	1,62
BUTTER	12	"	"
EGGS	8		"

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.	$22,00 $24,00
Do. do. First common " "	from 15,00 to 16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$9,00 to 10,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,00 to 7,00
Plank one inch, same rate	" "
First common yellow pine	$20,00 to 22,00
Second common do do from	$12,00 to 15,00
Shingles 27 inch from $5,00 to	10,00
do. 24 from $5,00 to	7,00
Scantling white Pine from $9,00	to 11,00
Do. Hemlock, from $7,00 to	8,00
Cherry boards from $20,00 to	25,00
Chair Plank, good, $18,00	20,00
Locust posts finished, pr. 100 from	$30 to 40,00
Do do rough " "	from $20 to 28,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. "	from $20 to 25,00
Barrel do " "	from $7 to 9,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100 from	$6, to 8,00

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

CONGRESS.

BENJAMIN CHAMPNEYS.

SENATE.

JOHN SLAYMAKER.

ASSEMBLY.

JOHN F. STEINMAN,
JOHN MOUK,
GARDINER FURNACE,
JOHN CLARK,
JAMES McPHAIL,
WILLIAM HENDERSON.

COMISSIONER.

JACOB BACHMAN,

DIRECTOR.

JACOB ZERCHER.
SAMUEL BRUAU.

AUDITOR.

Dr. F. A THOMAS.

ANTI-MASONIC TICKET.

CONGRESS.

WILLIAM HIESTER.

SENATOR.

JOHN STROHM.

ASSEMBLY.

E. C. REIGAT, JACOB ERB,
LEAVIN H. JACKSON,
EDWARD DAVIES,
SAMUEL S. PATTERSON,
FREDERICK HIPPLE.

COMMISSIONER.

ADAM BARE.

DIRECTORS.

MARTIN SWAR, JOHN MILLER.

AUDITOR.

THOMAS C. COLLINS.

Public Sale.

Lancaster County, ss.

In Pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, will be exposed to PUBLIC SALE, on SATURDAY the 15th day of NOVEMBER, 1834, at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon at the Public House of SAMUEL BOYD, near the premises, in the township of West Hempfield in said county, the undivided half of a

PLANTATION,

containing about

120 ACRES,

in West Hempfield township, adjoining lands of late of Henry Sherck and others, on which is a

Two Story House,

partly of stone and partly of logs, with other improvements, (the other half being owned by John Mouk,) there is a WELL of good water near the House, an excellent

ORCHARD OF CHOICE FRUIT,

about three ACRES of *Timber land*, the remainder is good arable land, all under good fences &c. late the estate of Catharine Overholtzer, deceased.

Terms: the purchase money to be paid on the first day of April 1835.

By the Court,

BENJAMIN KREITER, Clerk O. C.

Due attendance will be given by

JOHN MOUK, *Acting Administrator.*

October 9, 1834.

Type Foundry.

C. SHERMAN and SAMUEL ECKLIN, having purchased the Type foundry established by the late J. HOWE, have entered into partnership, for the purpose of carrying on the manufactory of types, under the firm of S. ECKLIN & Co.

We intend keeping on hand a large assortment of type, especially those kinds most used, which will enable us to supply orders with the least possible delay; and have now for sale a large quantity of the best quality, (stock purchased from the estate of J. Howe,) and intend to make immediate additions to it.

S. Ecklin & Co. are now prepared to receive orders for founts of every description, from Pearl to 22 lines Pica, including a variety of Ornamental Letter. We offer for sale, also, an assortment of Cuts, Dashes, Brass Rule, and other ornaments, of which specimens will be forwarded to Printers as soon as they can be prepared.

Such improvements as the wants of the trade and taste may require, will receive the earliest attention at this establishment.

Printing Presses of every description, Printing Ink of the most approved qualities, Composing Sticks, Brass and Common Galleys, Chases, Imposing Stones, Paper and Press Boards, Standing Presses, furniture, together with a complete assortment of all articles used in a Printing Office, will be kept constantly on hand.

Small founts, suitable for book-binders, may be had when called for.

Orders from all parts of the Union will be promptly and most carefully attended to, and particularly in supplying *sorts* for all founts furnished by our predecessor.

We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. To the former patrons of this foundry, we deem it sufficient to say, that they will be as well and as promptly served as heretofore, should they be disposed to favor us with their orders. The business of the Foundry will be conducted under the following firm, and by the same person who was in fact the type founder in Mr. Howe's foundry.

S. ECKLIN & CO.

Corner of Crown and Callowhill Streets.

October 9th, 1834.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa. October 1, 1834.

A

Agnew James, Armstrong David.

B

Buthoff Nancy Mrs., Buther Christian, Bucher Joseph, Bable Johannas 2, Bodinstadt Eliza, Bower Frederick.

C

Caracher Geo., Cox Jacob, Christian Alex.

F

Faxon A. H., Farren John.

G

Gilmore Sarah, Gorden John 3, Gosien Isaac, Gibe Peter.

H

Hertzler Jacob, Hogentogler Joseph jr. Harkins Neil, Harkins Dennis 3, Haughey A. Margarett, Hertzler John, Hershey Andrew.

J

Jones Hiram.

K

Kane James.

L

Lutz Elizabeth 2.

M

Martin Jno., McElroy Edward, Mulland Wm., McCollum Dennis, Maddison B. John, McElroy Wm.

R

Reed Isaac, Riddle J., Rigstone John; Ralston David, Rodgers B. John.

S

Shenk John, Stibgens Jacob, Sultzbauch Catharine, Smith Fanny Mrs., Staughel Jacob, Sutherland Agness, Smith B. James, Scott James,

T

Tung Mathias.

V

Volmer Christian

W

Wentling M. Augusta, Willis Henry, Whitehill Mary Mrs.

Z

Zook Noah, Zublin A.

J. GLATZ, *Post Master.*

Marietta October 2, 1834.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Maytown, Lancaster county, October 1st. 1834.

George Bondel, Joseph Bucher, William Brown 2, Dr. George Reich, Abraham Hagenbarger, Mary Graff, Margaret McCalla, Joseph Neisley, Jacob Horst, John S. Brenneman, Henry Shock, John Smith, John Gephart, Barbara Klugh, Frederick Sherbone.

GEORGE FERREE, P. M.

Maytown October 9, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

REPUBLIC

OF

LETTERS.

Is the title of a new Weekly Paper, devoted to the re-publication of the standard works of the best writers.

It is well printed on paper of the finest quality made entirely of linen; each number contains sixteen 4to. pages, making one volume of 833 pages per annum.

It will be sent by mail to any part of the U. States or Canada, upon the proprietor receiving THREE DOLLARS per annum, post paid.

Nos. 1 and 2 the Man of Feeling, by Mackenzie, and the Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith; Nos. 3 and 4, Tales of the Hall, by the Rev. G. Crabbe; No. 5, commences the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. There will be no abridgement of the work of any author.

WILLIAM PEARSON,

Proprietor, 115 Fulton Street, N. Y.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Republic of Letters.

Under this title, Mr. William Pearson of this city, has commenced an enterprize which we really think deserviug of very great success. It is a publication which, in the shape of a quarto newspaper or Magazine, is intended to furnish the public with a copy of a great number of the most approved and elegant works of English literature. The publication contains 16 pages quarto, and is somewhat larger than the London weekly Magazine. The paper on which it is printed is not merely beautiful to the eye, but is of the very best quality and sized, so that one may write on it without blotting. The typography is at once neat and legible; and the whole style of the execution has far more the appearance of London than New York. To show the reader at what a cheap rate a libray may be procured through the means of this publication, we may mention that the first number contains the whole of Mackenzie's Man of Feeling and a fourth part of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; for all which the price is *sixpence.* From what we know respecting this novel and laudable enterprise, we have the greatest confidence that the selections of works for the Republic of Letters will always be submitted to the decision of gentlemen of such standing in literature, as to ensure that only the worthiest productions will find a place in it."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"We have intended, as each successive number appeared, to notice this judicious publication. To those who are not apprised of the plan upon which it is conducted, it is merely necessary to observe, that it is a weekly issue of a beautifully printed quarto sheet at *six cents* a number containing one or more octavo volumes. When it is added 'The man of feeling,' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' two of the finest classics in our language, may thus be had for the sum of 12½ cents, it will be seen, that both from the true taste and liberality with which it is conducted, there can be no publication which promise better to diffuse abroad a knowledge of the models of polite literature than the Republic of Letters. The last number published contains "The Tales of the Hall" by Crabbe, one of the most vigorous of modern writers. His style indeed, though strikingly original, is often overdone; and his subjects are of so coarse a character as frequently to leave a harsh and unpleasant impression upon the reader but there is ever a truth to nature in her humblest guise, which renders his minute delineations and skillful dissections of character invaluable."—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

We have before us the first numbers of the Republic Letters, a publication of the design and shape of which the reader may rember we took some notice several weeks ago. In these three numbers, each of sixteen small quarto pages, are contained the whole of Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, the whole of the Vicar of Wakefield, and more than half of Crabbe's best work, the Tales of the Hall.—These works in the ordinary shape occupy four or five duodecimo volumes, and could not be procured at from less than three to five dollars. In the Republic of Letters they occupy three numbers of a paper of the size of this Journal, as folded for delivery, and are sold at the prodigious low price of eighteen cents. This is making literature cheap indeed, and depriving poverty of all excuse for ignorance. And let it not be supposed that this extraordinary cheapness is attained by printing the work on poor materials. On the contrary, the typography is uncommonly beautiful, and the paper is of a quality much superior to what is commonly used in book printing even the best Boston Editions. It is as white as snow, is composed either wholly, or in great part, of linen, and may be written upon as smoothly and fluently as the sheet on which we are inditing this article, which is on Gilpin's best."—*Eve. Post.*

"A weekly publication, bearing the above title, has been undertaken by Mr. Pearson. The design of the work is to place in the hands of all, the old standard works, which are now generally referred to as the acme of polite literature, a course of reading, particularly followed by those desirous of inculcating a correct taste. The undertaking is deserving, and should meet with a liberal patronage.—Each number contains 16 pages of closely printed matter, the typographical execution of which, is unsurpassed; the price is only sixpence—being by far the cheapest, as well as most useful publication that has yet appeared. The present number contains Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and part of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield."—*Evening Star.*

"Under this title, Mr. William Pearson has commenced a Weekly Periodical, which is certainly the cheapest that ever came to our notice. The first number contains Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and one fourth of the Vicar of Wakefield, the price of which is but six cents. The fifty-two numbers, or the years publication, will, at this rate, contain some fifty or sixty of the best works in the English language, and cost but three dollars.—The paper and typography are besides excellent."—*Courier and Enquirer.*

Proprietors of Papers who will give this entire advertisement three insertions, will be allowed a copy of the work for one year.

October 2, 1834.

Notice.

I hereby forewarn all persons from shooting on my Farm. I am determined to prosecute every person, who after this notice, trespasses in any manner on my property.

FRANCES EVANS.

Donegal Sept. 18, 1834.

POETRY.

Thou Wast not There.

BY ROBERT SWEENY.

I stood within a brilliant hall,
Among the young and gay,
And joyous was the festival,
And loud the revelry.
Why was my spirit dark and dull,
Where all seem'd free from care?—
Why was my heart so sorrowful!
Thou wast not there.

Another sang that simple song,
I oft had heard from thee,
And merry voices 'mid the throng
Recall'd thy notes of glee,
I could not listen to that strain,
That mirth I could not share,
The song, the glee, alike were vain—
Thou wast not there.

Around me flitted many a form
In graceful movement light,
Their cheeks with youth's fair blushes warm,
Their eyes with rapture bright.
I thought of one as light as they,
As exquisitely fair,
And turned in bitterness away—
Thou wast not there.

Can splendor to the aching heart
For vanished friends atone?
Can pleasure charm us, when we part
From those we loved alone?
Oh no! the humblest cot on earth
With thee I'd rather share,
Than dwell in courts, if, mid their mirth,
Thou wast not there.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCHER FOR SEPTEMBER.

A Farewell to Summer.

FAREWELL to thy verdure and beauty, O Summer;
To thy radience, resting on meadow and tree,
Thou reignest thy reign to a pleasant newcomer;
The peaceful September succeedeth to thee.

For, far through the infinite ether is moving,
The thistle's white down, on the wandering air;
The brook with a cadence of sadness is roving—
For its bank with young blossoms no longer are fair.

The gale seems to moan, as its hurrying pinion
Flits over the fields that but now were so gay;
A change has been wrought in that golden dominion,
Which freshened the wind on its wandering way.

The dominion of summer! Its waters and roses.
The pomp of its clouds at the sunset and dawn,
Where the spirits of Beauty serenely repose:
The bird's happy carol, the emerald lawn.

All these are no more, and the pleasure is over,
Which to every breast in profusion they gave,
The sweet moon-light evening, so dear to the lover,
When silvery lustre lay soft on the wave—

The groves where the zephyrs of twilight were nestling,
The anthems of morn in the halls of the sky;
The storms, with the pines of the mountain top wrestling,
The rainbow's sweet beauty—all, all have gone by!

Yet, in place of thy wearisome brightness, oh, Summer!
Thy fervors solistial, oppressive to pain,
The kindness of Time, that insatiable roamer,
Hath brought us the Sabbath of nature again.

The Sabbath of Nature!—oh, likest to heaven
Are the moments of Autumn—so gentle and still,—
When colors of pride to the woodlands are given,
And harvest's are gathered from valley and hill.

'Tis a time to be thankful—to muse on that even,
Which cometh to all when life's summer is o'er,
When a guerdon of love to the spirit is given,
In a region where sorrow and death are no more.

C.

Freedom's Land.

BY J. GRAHAM.

Away the tyrant's proud control;
But come thou spirit of the free,
And write this motto on *my* soul—
"O, freedom's land's the land for me."

Although a desert were the soil,
And cold as ice the polar sea;
And I doomed there to hardest toil—
Still freedom's land's the land for me.

Were slavery's land as rich and fair
As e'er Elysian fields could be,
I would not be a monarch there;
No—freedom's land's the land for me.

When I am laid upon my bier,
May those who bear me *all* be free;
And let me have a freeman's tear,
If ever one be shed for me.

And in that soil I fondly crave,
Whose son's ne'er bend the slavish knee,
O may some patriot dig my grave—
For I would rest in dust that's free.

If aught be e'er marked o'er my head,
"Write this; "he wish'd all mankind free,
And with his latest breath he said,
"O, freedom's land's the land for me."

Removal.

JOHN FULTZ, TAILOR.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has removed his Shop, from front street to his residence in Market Street, 6 doors above J. Bahn's and directly opposite W. McClure, where all work entrusted to him will be attended to with neatness and despatch.

Marietta, August 7, 1834.

NOTICE.

Whereas my Wife MARGARET, has left my Bed and Board, without any just cause, and in my absence has taken away or gave chance to others to take away or destroy what property I entrusted her with in my absence, I therefore warn all persons against trusting or harboring her on my account, as I am determined not to pay one cent of her contracting after this date.

HENRY BODENSTADT.

Marietta September 18, 1834.

CAUTION!

Whereas my husband (HENRY BODENSTADT) has advertised me, as having left his bed and board without any just cause, and also charges me with allowing persons to take away or destroy his property, these charges are without foundation, I had just cause for leaving him and I never destroyed or allowed any person to destroy his property. He warns the public not to trust me on his account, I now warn the public not to trust him, as he can get as much on my account as I can on his.

MARGARET BODENSTADT.

Marietta, September 18, 1834.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS much complaint has been made that a number of the Streets and Alleys within this borough remain enclosed:

Be it therefore Resolved in Council assembled, that the supervisor of the Borough is hereby directed to open the said streets and alleys, and remove all incumberances therefrom, on or before the 10th day of October 1834, and at any time thereafter if obstructions should remain or be placed thereon, to remove the same according to law.

Done in Council this 9th day of September 1834.

ABRAHAM VARLEY,
President of Council.

Attest, A. N. Cassel, T. C.
Marietta Sept. 18, 1834.

6 Cents & a bunch of Bristles

REWARD.

Ranaway from the subscriber living in this borough, on Monday evening the 8th of September, 1834, two indented apprentices to the Shoemaking business, named

GEORGE J. BENNET,
AND
STEPHEN FITTERY.

The subscriber will give the above reward to any person who will bring back the said apprentices, but charges will not be paid.

All persons are now warned neither to harbor or trust said apprentices.

THOMAS STENCE.

Marietta September 11, 1834.

NEW SCHOOL.

"THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE AMONG THE MASS OF SOCIETY, IS THE STRONGEST DEFENCE OF REPUBLICS."

The subscriber has opened a SCHOOL for the reception of SCHOLARS, in the building formerly occupied by Messrs. Hertzler and Wilson. He will teach the following branches:

Orthography, Reading, Penmanship, Geography, Arithmetic English and Latin
GRAMMAR, ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, RHETORIC, DECLAMATION and CHEMISTRY.

It shall be his earnest endeavor to reach the minds and understandings of his pupils, to show them, not only the effect, but also the cause,—the "why's and wherefores." By strictly adhering to the above mode of teaching, he hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

Should any person, at the end of the term, be dissatisfied with the progress of his or her pupils, to him or her, no charge will be made.

Terms.—Orthography, Reading, Penmanship, Geography and Arithmetic, per quarter, $2,50. All other branches $3.

Public lectures will occasionally be given on some of the above branches.

Parents and Guardians are respectfully invited to visit the school frequently.

J. A. RYERSON.

Marietta September 11, 1834.

Notice to Gunners.

The public are warned against HUNTING on the property of the subscriber in York co. Those trespassing after this notice, will be dealt with acording to law.

CHRISTIAN KEESEY.

York co. July 31, 1834.

WINDOW SASH.

Cheap Window Sash of every size and description for sale by

J. Grosh.

Marietta Sept. 11, 1834.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, PA.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Drug Store.

DR. J. GLATZ,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has just received, at his old stand, in Market Street, a fresh assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Paints, Dye Stuffs, and Oils.

SWAIMS PANACEA, ALBRIGHTS COLUMBIAN SYRUP, DR. ELIJAH PRATT'S ARTIPICIAL NIPPLE'S MILK OF ROSES, CHLORINE TOOTH WASH, CONCENTRATED SOLUTION OF CHLORIDE OF SODA, INDIAN DYE, FOR COLORING HAIR, LUCIFER MATCHES, BEAR'S OIL, MACASSER OIL, POMATUM, LAVENDER WATER, COLOGNE WATER, HACQUINS VOLATILE AROMATIC SMELLING SALT, &c. &c.

Also, a large and general assortment of

WINDOW GLASS,

All of which, he will sell at reduced prices

Marietta, August 14, 1834.

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will commence giving instructions on the

PIANO FORTE.

TERMS.—Eight dollars per course of 30 lessons for Piano Forte.

REFERENCES:—George Willig, Philadelphia; John Reinstein, Lancaster Pa.; Jacob Fetter, Bethlehem Pa.

J. P. W. will at all times have the latest music published for Piano Forte.

Piano Forte's Tun'd and repaired at the shortest notice.

J. P. W. may always be found at John J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel.

Marietta, August 28th, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile Work, which now circulates into every state and terriotory of the Union, has encouraged the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers, one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. NATURAL HISTORY—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. BIOGRAPHY—Especially of the Young.

III. GEOGRAPHY—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities of *Nature and Art*,—in each of the U. States and in other countries.

VI. LESSONS on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. PARTICULAR DUTIES of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. NARRATIVES—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. PARABLES, FABLES, and PROVERBS where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. POETRY—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. INTELLIGENCE—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to *adorn* the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

LIBHART'S

HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of

BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
JOH FISHER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

NOTICE.

I do hereby notify all persons indebted to me, that I have transferred my Books (containing amounts against sundry individuals) to ABRAHAM CASSEL for collection.

JAMES STEELE.

Marietta, September 18, 1834.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to JAMES STEELE, will please take notice that I am duly authorised to collect and receive all monies due on his Books, and further I would notify all those indebted to the said James Steele, that if their respective amounts are not settled and paid by the *first* of NOVEMBER next, the Books will be left with a Magistrate for collection.

ABRAHAM CASSEL.

Marietta September 18, 1834.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

The Subscribers offer for sale at their Storeroom, a general assortment of ready made Clothing, consisting of

Coats, Vests, Pantaloons, and Shirts,

All of which they will dispose of at first Cost for Cash.

C. Hertzler & Wilson.

Marietta, May 10, 1834.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern part of Mariett

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still continues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards,

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters: Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, all of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

References as to capacity enquire of

WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833.

COPPER HOUSE

HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost.

C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR,
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, and has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE,

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES.

GROUND SPICES

Mahogony Venires,

Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

or the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.